ACROSS THE WAY

BY IRENE STILES.

The little typist, working in the third window on the fourth floor of door to door collection, and the sta-the building opposite the hospital, fin-land her letter with a flourish. A Harford & Harford. man went to watch her as he went his rounds in the men's wards, prepared

It was hardly necessary to paus he reflected. He knew so well what the renerted. He knew so well what she would do. She would open a drawer, take out her powder-prf, and powder her impudent little nose. hen she would perhaps throw some laughing remark to the girl who worked nearest her. In any event, it would be some minutes before she started work again.

Yes, as it happened, the little types only sat back and sighed. The man opposite was so surprised that he paused longer than usual, until the bright face at the window turned

"That young man certainly knows how to stare," Judy Carstairs said to

her companion.
"You should feel flattered, dear, said Miss Macinty e.
Judy shook her head.

"His eyes are too critical: besides the wretched creature always manages to look across when I am powdering my nose. You know, that building op-posite has blighted my life."

Miss Macintyre was horrified. "Oh, you shouldn't say that. Don't forget it's a hospital. Don't forget the good work they do."

"Yes, I always do try to remembe that, but I can't help regretting the pleasant green squares we used to look upon. You weren't here, so you don't remember what this place was like a year or two ago. It was a pleasure to work here then."

"And now?" ventured Miss Macin tyre, timidly. 'It's a penance," said Judy solemn-

"Heavens, what's go you down this morning?" demanded Miss Macintyre

in alarm.
"The building opposite," said Judy

But that, though indirectly true, was not so entirely. Judith would hardly admit it to herself, but it was the man opposite who had upset her. He stared so often and so hard that she had been bound to notice him, tut she was often forced to wonder whe ther he had really noticed her.

And because she was not sure she as angry with herself for being so interested in him, angry with herself for liking his rair, thoughtful young face, his serious, frowning brows, but she was angrier still with him because

He seemed very remote and abstracted in his work across the way The boys in the men's ward smiled at her, and were only too happy if sh smiled back. The boys in the men' ward waved to her, and were delighted if she waved back. The old mer sat by their windows in the sun and nodded to her.

They were all pleased to see her-ail except the serious young man. He just Judy.

stared and frowned, almost as if ne "Follow me, child," beckened the Thus it was that on this bright morning Judy also frowned over her type

She was still frowning when a note was brought to her by one of her own

"A young man left it for you in the hall, miss," said the departing

messenger.

Judith looked down at the note with puzzled eyes. When she had read the address she was more puzzled than ever. It was addressed to "Miss Busy Bee, care of Messrs. Harford & Har-ford, Third Window, Fourth Floor, Facing West Central Hospital."

It was a joint invitation from some of the boys in the men's ward, asking her to tea the following Saturday. There was to be a concert, and if she could join in, so much the better. They had watched her so often, and she had smiled at them so often, that they all stickily about the air. Her grip on the felt they knew her. She looked so ledge slackened. She felt faint. She happy that they wanted to know her fell.

Judy, surprised and touched, decided to go. If she could cheer those boys up she would. Besides—

The Saturday afternoon concert, proved to be the usual hospital affair, was some moments before she realized replete with kind old ladies exercising was some moments before she realized somewhat doubtful talents. Judy her. couldn't help being the star turn.
When she had finished her first

piece at the piano, no one would hear of her leaving the instrument. Some students, who had gathered in the doorway, ran forward every time she tried to escape, and held her down.

She played popular dance tunes and all the old favorites she could remember. She sang an old-fashioned love when you smile," she said. "You should do it more often." song and had half the ward singing with her. It was towards the end of this song that her voice faltered and her energetic little hands played not was you who seemed so remote. You so surely. She saw the fair young smiled at everyone except me."

man pause in the doorway.

When she had finished the song he spoke to the students, and a numbe of them turned on reluctant heels and went away; but he remained, frown-

would have gone up to him and asked him why he did not like her song.

She often went over to the hospital couldn't bear this sense of your being the couldn't bear this sense of your bear the your after that, but though she mad friends with all the patients and many of the of reach."

students, she rever made friends with the fiir young man with the prious she said, "and you'll have to smile at me because I'm a patient."

"I'don't think he approves of me,"

"I'll do more than smile," he said,

eyes.
"I don't think he approves of me,"
she teld the rosy-facyl boy with the
broken leg. "He always stands and
glowers at me whea I'm playing broken leg. "He always stands and glowers at me when I'm playing—that is, if he deigns to notice me at he had kissed her.—"Answers" (Lon-"Oh, he approves of you all right

He wouldn't come round at all while you're here if he didn't. He's always you're here if he didn't. He's always has to be done with that child," ten to one you're in the wrong. It is not pose of, if you'll come inside," said very seriously, you know. He's very seriously, you know. He's very young to be house-surgeon. He was a best thing to do.—Dr. Frank Crane. dilapidated one entered.

student less than two years ago, you know, playing Ragger in the hospital. A team. He told me that when he

heard how I broke my leg."

The next week was Hospital Week for the West Central Hospital, and excitement ran high. Students parad-ed the streets in white coats or fancy dress; smiling nurses collected at cor-ners. On the Tuesday there was a

Judith watched eagerly from bewindow, trying to recognize some of the fantastically dressed figures. After long minutes she began to think had been forgotten; then the Joo opened and someone came in. He came straight across to her seat by the win dow as if she were the only person

he wished to see.

He smiled. Standing before her, shaking his collecting-box, he seemed younger and gayer than she had ever

"You're not supposed to do this sort of thing, surely," she said, when she had recovered from her surprise, she fumbled in her bag for half-a-crown which really was the most she could afford, and as she fumbled she read the legend: "Peter Maddox, House Surgeon's Collecting Box."

"I came across more to see you that to collect," he was saying. Her heart leapt, and she raised starry eyes to

"I wanted to see you about our uncheon-hour concert on Thursday. Her heart sank again.

"It's going to be just an impromptu affair on the first-floor roof garden. I suggested that it was no use having a modern building if we didn't make the most of it, so we are going to have a short concert there at lunch-time when everyone will be out and about They'll get an awfully good view from the street, and we'll have people down in the streets collecting. Don't you

think it's a good idea?"
"Splendid!" said Judy. "Of course
I'll do everything I can to help. I ex pect I can get some extra time off for something as important as this. Wil you be there?" she added, as if as ar fterthought.

Of course, if I possibly can. shall want to see the concert. And to ce you," he added.

But on Thursday, even when the

concert waged wildest and most his arious, Peter Maddox was nowhere to

be seen.
"Why doesn't he come?" Judy kept asking herself. "Why didn't he come? he finally asked one of the students "I believe he's busy with an opera-tion now, or going to be very shortly," he replied; then he looked at his

watch. "Why, ve're due down ther at three o'clock, aren't we?" An more than half of the students fled leaving Judy and about four others to clear up.
"Ever seen the operating theatre

from this point of vantage?" asked the student who had spoken first. "No," said Judy, "nor from any other point."

"Well, it's just right here at hand. if you went to look. It's that next bit of low roof that backs on to here. It's lower than the rest so that they get daylight through the roof. Gosh, girl, you should see the lamps they have in there!"
"I wish I could see them," said

student, "and you shall see all."

"But we can't go in," she objecte
"It isn't a proper visiting hour." "it's "Oh," said the young man, much more exciting out of visiting

hours. Besides, we are only going to take one short peep through the win-Judy followed the young man med

ly along a ledge to a small side win-dow, where there was another accom-

modeling little ledge to hang on to.

One short peep it was for Judy Eerything in the operating theatr was in readiness, and amid that glaring whiteness and careful cleanlines there was the man Judy loved. Mask ed and rubber-booted, he seemed mor

remote than ever. Perhaps it was a sudden feeling of hopelessness and helplessness which could join in, so much the better. They overcame Judy, or perhaps it was the same watched her so often, and she had sickening reek of ether which clung stickily about the air. Her grip on the

When she recozered consciousness her broken arm had been set, and her whole body ached with bruises. She was a little light-headed from the chloroform they had given her, and it

her.
Still light-headed, she raised an inquiring finger and touched the corner of the house-surgeon's mouth. "What a serious young man!" she

"Something to look serious about this!" he muttered, but smiled back at her, nevertheless.

"Remote—I—remote?" He threw back his head and laughed. "Why, it

"You used to glare at me when I

powdered my nose."

"Why, I loved to see you powder your little nose! You all seemed so carefree over there. Everything seemed so serious here. I'd work much She felt suddenly nervous, or she better after I'd watched you for a min-

"And now I've come across to you,"

as he bent over her again. don).

When you feel that "something just line?"

Followers of Pavlova's Art



Members of the Juno Art School at Finchley, England, pose effectively in a mirror owned by the Many ballet classes are now preparing for Christmas programs.

THE SCRAP

BY WILLIAM FREEMAN

The things were in the house when they bought it, stacked in the cupboard under the stairs, and included in the ten pounds paid for "sundries." In George's eyes they were junk with interesting possibilities; Cynthia regarded them as just plain junk.
"Anyhow, there's plenty of it," said
George, hopefully, when Bill, the decorator's foreman, had carried them

into the garden.

There was. They made a list. It included an electric flat-iron, two meat covers, and an old cavalry sword with a broken hilt.

"The thing to do," said George, to get in touch sith a second-hand dealer. Wonder if Bill knows of any-

They asked him. Bill rubbed his cose with a distemper-stained forefinger, and said he reckoned as Jevon of the Broadway, were the man.

They sent Mr. Jevons a postcard,

and Synthia dusted the junk and car ried it into the dining room. At ten o'clock the following mor

ing the front door bell rang crisply. In the absence of Gladys, the "daily" turned in the company of an exquisit young man who produced a note-book glanced alertly about him, and said 'Eleven-seventeen-six." "How much?" said Cynthia.

"Eleven pounds, seventeen shilling and six-pence."

They flashed incredulous glances at each other. In tones which he tried to make sound casual, George accepted the offer.
"I'll send the van as soon as I ge

back," said the exquisite one.
"I should have thought a barrow hinted George.

Mr. Jevons's representative laugh-ed tolerantly. "My dear sir, the side-board alone will require two men." "Sideboard?" said Cynthia and

George in chorus. "To say nothing of the table."

"We haven't said anything of either," said George. "We aren't selling them." He explained just what

he was selling.
"Thanks very much," said the exquisite young man with a pained smile, "but no. That-" he indicated the collection—"would be of no service o us whatevah. Quite useless. Good

morning." "We must just try again," said Cyn-"Gladys may know someone," said

George. "Alf Bridger's the feller you need," "Mafe Gladys said unhesitatingly. "Mafe-king Terrace, end shop."

George wrote to Alf, asking him to call. Three days later, in the absence

said Mrs. Bridger. But although they waited, Mr. Bridger failed to put in an appearance. Gladys collected the junk and car ried it back to the cupboard.

George called again at Mafeking Terrace. A red-haired boy left in charge of the shop teld him that the older Bridgers had gone on excursion to Clacton. The red-haired one knew nothing whatever about a missed ap-pointment. George decided to rule out the entire Bridger family. On the way home he passed Ye Olde Emporium. notice in the windsw said "Anything Bought" It sounded hopeful, and George went in.

The grey-haired proprietor heard George's hard-luck story with sympa thetic amusement. Nine-thirty on the following morning would see him without fail at the Evergreens. George's faith in human nature revived.

At twelve-thirty, three hours late the grey-haired man arrived. He was taken to where the junk had been ranged against the scullery wall, and after gazing at it as an art exper might gaze at a collection at Christie's said "A bob."

"Thanks for coming, though," said George, acidly.

He shepherded the Emporium's pro-

rietor to the door and came back to Cynthia. "Sling the whole collection at the back of the cupboard, and let it stay there till the lease expires," he growl

A rap at the back door interrupted him. Cynthia opened it. England's most dilapidated and unshaven ragand-bone merchant confronted h "Mawnin' lydy. Anythink in my

that I couldn't offer 'alf a crown for a over. Almost at the same moment the Sherryton table. Them things o' dining room door opened and a man yours is no class. More trouble than came out. From the bird's-eye view

away."
"I'm not trying to," said George. 'That was your mistake. "I think you were perfectly beastly to the puor man," said Cynthia, when the back door had closed on their visi-

"All right," said George, exasper ated. "I wash my hands of the whole

You'd better," said Cynthia, coldly. "You're nearly as grimy as he was. And lunch'll be served in five min-

The coldness remained for the res of the day—they hadn't been married long enough to know how to end a shelf empty. Pride prevented him asking Cynthia what had happened to them, but he wondered. She couldn't, he reflected, have burnt them, and the garden showed no signs of a recent burying. Cynthia heself said nothing.

Late that night George was awak-ened by creaking sounds. They came from the hall below. He glarced at Cynthia. Her eyes, bright and startled, met his in the darkness-

slid out of bed and fumblingly put on borne him backwards. slippers and a dressing-gown, reflecting that at last the problem of exactly what one does when face to face with a burglar was on the eve of solution.

He tiptoed to the door, opened it, peer-ed down the half-lit hall. Presently he came back to Cynthia.
"It is burglars," he whispered. "W-w-what are you going to do?" It was a problem that had been

vorrying George. "I've nothing to attack them with," "Do you mean that— that there's a

several?"
"Yes. One in the dining room and another somewhere else. If only we'd a poker."

But they hadn't the room

warmed by an electric stove-"George—" "George-"Weil?" "The sword. The one we've been trying to sell." He had to bend over

er to catch the words. "I put it with the other things in the big cupboard on the landing. "Right-o," said George, but without

enthusiasm. "But you won't run into danger?" Not if an help it," promised

George, truthfully.

He went out on the landing—as quietly as possible, because, as he had

"Well?" said George, shattering a strategy is surprise. He opened the long silence. | cupboard door and peered in. It was
"Ninepence, guv-nor, is my price clinicult to distinguish anything very
And that's more'n I ought to offer." | clearly, but his grasping fingers came "Why is it?" queried George, in a in touch with the handle of the sword "Because, guv-nor, trade's that bad and, going to the banisters, peered

they're worth. As for old metal and george got of him, he looked absurdly wastepaper, you can't give them unburglar-like. Small and dapper, away."

"I'm not trying to," said George. boots and spats, and a waxed mous-

tache.
"'Urry up, Alf," he said, hoarsely,
over his shoulder to an invisible companion.

George realized that the time had ome for action. He wished it hadn't. He wished he could persuade himself that the whole business was a dream. He gripped his courage and the sword zon. You get embroiled overnight."—and went downstairs. As he reached General Hanson E. Ely. and went downstairs. As he reathed the bottom, Alf ined the dapper man in the hall. They were, therefore, desmall things affect a man's entire monstrably, two to one. George was life."—Walter S. Gifford.

no coward. Another war would have "We have come to believe that after found him keen as mustard to defend all we are our brothers' keepers."quarrel easily. George went for a his hearth and home. It was only the Harvey D. Gibson long, solitary walk in the afternoon. coldness of the night that set his eeth When he came home the door of the chattering so abominably when the cupboard was open and the cupboard burglars heard and confronted him.

"Wh-whadyer d-doing in my house?" he demanded, in an unfamiliar, fluty voice.

Alf answered: "Looking for a gas leak-see. You blinkin' well scoot Push off, you and your tin swords, and stop interfering with 'ard-working men, unless you wants a dot on the

"I—," began George, and then,
"Ulch!" For Alf's companion, temporarily forgotten, had slipped behind "Burglars." Her lips formed the porarily forgotten, had slipped behind him and flung a skinny but painfully muscular arm round his neck and

"Sock him a good 'un, Alf," said the garrotter, and George, voiceless and helpless, could only await the blow. thunderbolt fashion, on Alf's head and uplifted arm. With a grunt he col-lapsed. His companion, releasing George, made a cowardly dash kit-chenwards. A second thunderbolt, recognizable as the dish-cover, drop-ped fairly on his head. And he, too, fell.

George became a rare of a vision in Chinese-patterned silk dressing

"Open the door, quick!" said Cyn-thia's voice in his ear. "I believe 1 heard a policeman tramping past."
George obeyed. Cynthia's guess
was a good one; there were two police-

men in the act of turning the corne He shouted; Cynthia shouted. They came, massive, adequate, splendidly reassuring, just in time to catch Alf in the act c crawling away. The other burglar's capture presented no difficulty; the electric flatiron had sent him into a dream from which only a stiff tot of brandy aroused him.

"The Bench considers that you

So They Say—

This Job of being a father is the

ardest thing in the world I have to lo.—A. A. Milne.

"Idiot, as you know, means a per-

tion, with tremendous power, but a rather childish spirit." — Sinclair Levis.

"The supreme cause of our confusion is our contemptuous dismissal of ethics."-Charles A. Beard.

"Individual initiative encouraged under the capitalistic system is essen tial to the true progress of man." Newton D. Baker.

"America is more bathlub-conscious

than thought - conscious." - Pannie "Realism is a zool horse to ride if you don't let it throw you."—Harold Bell Wright.

planned production and distribution for use, not profit."—Norman Thomas.

"Jealousy often grows from love."-James J. Walker.

wing it and you lose all the strength you had."—Henry Ford.
"The Russian people impressed me as a lot of children being led."—S. L.

Rothafel (Roxy). "A frozen asset is just a banker's mistake."—Will Rogers. "I never let my husband know what

money I have. I like to have a little that nobody knows about."—Lady As-'The wearing of the right tie is dark problem for all us men."-Sir fan

Hamilton. "There is a wide distinction between homes and mere housing."-Herbert

Hoover.
"Everyone who does anything does many things."-Zona Gala.

"There's no money in grudges."-Robert Winsmore. "The first feeling you will have or reading a 'modernist' is that the auth or isn't telling you anything."-Man

Eastman.
"You seldom see wars on the hori-"It is strange how comparatively

Stubble

Across the cold bare stubble field the little spiders run From stalk to broken stalk until the setting of the sun; Like hosts of hurrying thoughts let

loose after the day is done. before the falling dew.

spide: s still go weaving on their little webs anew. Caught in the Web of Dreams we lie, to dream the long night through.

Across the stubble fields at dawn, the sun, on every thread, Has touched the lines of broken corn with dew be-diamonded. A network of a thousand thoughts along the bare field spread. And no one knows what secret

pass on little cobwebs fraught spiders in the stubble fields, or what great works are wrought none can guess what beautie bless one pure unuttered thought.

God and October, with her mists, by woodland hill and lea, weave about the waning year

like spiders, silently, net work of her beauties for all who seek to see. -By Viola le Strange, in The Wind-

mitted for trial. (They subsequently got three years' penal apiece.)

Cynthia smiled and murmured her thanks. But at the tack of her mind she was wondering whether a badlydented dish-cover and an electric iron showed great courage and presence of with a broken handle were worth inmind, and would like to congratulate cluding in the collection of junk she you," said the chairman of the magisquietly as possible, because, as he had you," said the chairman of the magis-once read in a book, the essence of trates, when the burglars were com-"Tit-Bits" (London).

Ten Minutes Of Laughter

A book just off the English press by Mr. John Ayr offers an amusing on who can see no further than him-collection of anecdote. Some of these cell."—George Bernard Shaw. are the ever-popular soctor and lawell."—George Bernard Shaw. are the ever-popular Joctor and law"The United States is a great nayer series. Following are some bright

examples:—
"Are you sure I shall recover?" once asked a very anxious patient of his doctor. "I have heard that doc-tors sometimes give wrong diagnoses and have treated a patient for preu-mona who afterwards died of typhaid fever." "Let me 'ell you, sir," said the medico indignants. "that you the medico, indignantly, "that you have been woefully misinformed. It very rarely happens that a diagnosis is wrong; and as for nyself, if I treat a man for pneumonia, he dies of pneumonia.

Another story of the difficulties of ell Wright. diagnosis concerns a doctor who "was
"The cure for unemployment lies in out of joint with all the world":—

"What on earth is the matter?" said his friend. "You look awfully mad." "I should think so, too," was the angry ames J. Walker.

Try to save your strength by not patient for three years for yellow patient for three years for yellow jaundice and I've only just found out

Here, too, is a story of that famous wit and divine Sydney Smith—a story which is also told of Charles Lamb and is therefore probably untrue of either of them; but, still, it is a good

siory:-Sydney Smith was given some medicine by a physician whom he had call-ed in, and instructed to take it on an empty stomach. "Whose stomach?" asked the celebrated wit.

A LAST PEARL

Quite as dry-flavored—and quite as familiar, though it, too, will bear repeating—is the story of the professor who was lecturing to a class of medical students anxious to get away to a football cup final:-

At last the clock pointed to the hour at which the class was usually dismissed, and there was at once a gen-eral rising from seats and a collecting of books. "One minute, please, gentle-men," expostulated the lecturer—"one minute, please. Keep your seats. I have still one more pearl to cast."

Even doctors have been known to

be wearied by their patients' com-plaints, as we learn from these two stories, both of which are too good to be new but are no worse for being old:"I understand," said a friend once to a doctor, "that Brown is a martyr to dyspepsia." "Yes," replied the doc-tor, "he is dyspeptic all right, but it

is his wife who is the martyr."
"You can never talk to Miss Smith," complained another person to a doctor, "but what she gives you a full catalogue of her ailments." "Yes," was

the reply, "you might almost call it an organ recital." And, of course, there simply had to

be the famous story of Whistler:-Whistler once called in Sir Morell Mackenzie, the great throat specialist of the Victorian era, and when Mac-kenzie arrived at the painter's house he found that he was expected to treat a sick French poodle. Naturally he was none too pleased, but he saw to the dog, took his fee, and went away. A little while later Mackenzie sent for Whistler urgently, and when the lat-ter arrived greeted him with, "Oh. I'm glad you've come; I just wanted to ask you about having my front door painted."

A LIKELY SUSPICION. According to Mr. Aye, one of the greatest tribulations of a cross-exam-

ning counsel is the over-cautions witness, and in support of his observation he tells the following anecdote:

A man was on trial for shooting a number of pigeons, and the owner of the birds, a farmer, in giving evidence was so careful and se obviously nervous that defendin, counsel endeavored to frighten him. "Now," he said, in a fierce voice, "are you prepared to swear on your oath that this man, the prisoner, shot your pigeons?" "I didn't say he did shoot 'em," was the reply, "I said I suspected him o' doing it." "Ah, now we're coming to it."

"What made you suspect that man?" said "firstly, I caught him on my land wi's a gun. Secondly, I heard a gun go off, an' saw some pigeons fall. Thirdly, I found four o' my pigeons in his pocket, and I don't think them birds' flew there and shot themselves."

said the barrister triumphantly.

But probably the best of all Mr.

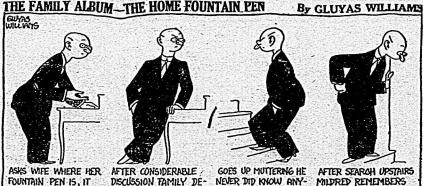
Aye's anecdotes about lawyers is that little masterpieco which he quotes from Pett Ridge's "I like to Remem." A magistrate wishing to show leniency determined to bind a prisoner over, and asked him if he had any friends who would act as sureties. "The Almighty is my friead," butled the defendant. "Yes, yes," replied the magistrate, "but the point is, can you give us the name of a friend living near?" "The Almighty is everywhere," answered the man. "I know," said the magistrate, patiently, "but I am afraid we shall have to think of some-

one of more settled habits."

That is a story which no Frenchman—and the Frenchman is the un disputed master of stories about the Law—could cap.

CARRYING CONVICTION. The late "Tim" Healy was probably the greatest master of the withering retort in the English Courts for the past thirty years, and to him, as Mr. Aye reminds us, must go the palm for the rapid smashing of an opponent's

This incident occurred in a case per-aining to some timber, Tim being taining to some timber, Tim being leading counsel for the defence. In the course of the case, a youthful witness was put up as an expert on the plain-tiff's side. When the time came for the defending counsel to cross-examine, Tim rose up and simply asked two questions. To the first, "What age are you?" he received the answer, "Twenty-one," and to the second, "How long have you been in the timber trade?" "Two years." At once Tim resumed his seat with the withering remark to the judge, "A regular babe in the wood, my Lord."—R. T. S. in John O' London's Weekly.





CALLS IT ISN'T ON THE TELEPHONE STAND ROOM WHERE HE AND murs it's very queer A BOY WERE WORKING AND TRIES TO REMEMBER

FOR NEXT FALL



HOUSE

WILFRED THALLY GUESSES RANSACKS WILFRED'S IT MAY BE UP IN HIS ROOM. WIFE CALLS SH OUT SOME FOOTBALL PLAYS HOW IT GOT THERE



FOUND IT IN THE KIT-CHEN, SHE'S NO IDEA



DOWN AN ADDRESS

THING TO BE WHERE IT IT'S ON THE TELEPHONE

NEXT TWO DAYS WHILE HE CARRIES IT ROUND IN HIS POCKET